UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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LAZARUS.

A Minnesota physician, in a private letter which has without his knowledge come into this editor's hands, asks a hard question about Lazarus. "As Mongolian, Ethiopian and tramp, Lazarus looms upon us in the foreground of practical politics. He stands in the focus of the 'conflict between Science and Religion;' the point of least possible reconciliation. He troubles me. From the standpoint of science, what is Lazarus more than a weed, cumbering the ground? 'The Beautiful Necessity' (Science-God) does not care for him save to reproduce him with all his sufferings. If we are to 'build altars to the Beautiful Necessity,' why not sacrifice him on them, according to the suggestions of that gospel? Why heal his sores? If we say such brave words to him as, 'Let him rally upon his relation to the universe, and perish gladly' (most Mephistophelian mockery of misery! making us glad that Lazarus never reads Emerson) why not *be* brave and *let* him perish? 'The Beautiful Necessity' is *not* beautiful to altruistic vision—nor to the egoistic vision—of Lazarus. In necessarianism I see absolutely no comfort or encouragement for Lazarus; little or no encouragement for effort in his behalf. True, there is that by which H. W. Beecher justifies the extravagance of missionary enterprise; 'So improving to Christians!' but that is unscientific, as lifting one'sself by the boot-straps, once we know what we are doing. 'The B. N.' compels us to love L., so evolving a higher type in us? Too thin! 'B. N.' is *reasonable*, not *sentimental!* We must love *wisely* the good of the race,—which looks toward the destruction of lepers, not building hospitals for them! True, Charity then loses her soul of positive affection—restraining only the inert form, non-resentment; but *Truth* is before and above all, and if Charity is a myth, let her go!"

To these questions W. C. G. answers: "Yes, 'love' Lazarus and build his hospital; but love him *enough* to grow 'wise' as well as sentimental for his sake. Then the love that keeps one born Lazarus out of his grave, will keep three—by and by, three thousand—unborn Lazaruses out of the world. Add that nothing else but such 'love' persists to get that kind of 'wisdom,' and we begin to see, I think, that the hospital is as much a part of the 'Beautiful Necessity' as the sores are, and that

> 'Love and law are both the same,
> Named with the Everlasting Name,'

which, (we might add) if one would spell or utter it, may as well be spelt with few—say three—letters as with many."

SECOND ADVENTISM.

Jesus blessed children and is reported to have restored one or more girls to life; but in the name of his "second coming," Mr. Freeman, of Pocasset, stabs his own daughter and says he "would have done the same thing to his wife or other child." Had Mr. Freeman been alone in the crime, we should have simply called it insanity. But when the child's mother consented to it, and a score or more of the Second Advent brethren and sisters accepted it as orderly and proper, a part of the blame will have to be laid on the religion in whose name they acted. It would, of course, be unjust to charge the crime entirely to Second Adventism, though, as the New York *Tribune* says, that doctrine, "in every age, has invariably led unpractical men into wild excesses." But the deed shows what fruit foolish doctrines bear among ignorant and unbalanced people. Even the literal Bible-reading which supports this sect may be carried too far. Mr. Freeman said "he had searched the Bible all through, and it would come out all right;" so scrupulous was he to have his deed scriptural that he, for a time, withheld his plans from his wife, "because Abraham did not tell his wife when he went to sacrifice Isaac." We ought to commend Freeman, or blame Abraham. Edith was killed by too much faith in the Bible. But still more, this fanatic "singing all the way" after the knife to kill his child, while he "never felt so happy in his life," and defending his deed by saying, "God has come to judge the world in righteousness," shows the need of checking pious fancies, and getting religion established upon the basis of common sense, or going without it altogether.

We have been told that most of our "Bible readers" are Second Adventists, and that the denomination is increasing rapidly in the country. If this is the result, we hope its numbers may be checked, —though by gentler means than Mr. Freeman took. We have no objection to people holding what views they choose about the resurrection; but we do insist that they shall not, in the fulness of their faith, experiment too freely on their neighbors. And we hope the more intelligent of the Second Adventists will instruct their rural brethren that Christ will come in the reign of justice and purity and reason, or else he need not come at all.

NOT INDIVIDUALISM.

The skirmish over the phrase "the Consensus of the Competent," lately carried on in the *Index* and elsewhere, touches the purpose of UNITY. Some critics see in the phrase an attack on the rights of the individual. W. H. Spencer, in his criticism, says: "I am so much of an individualist that, should there come a conflict between my own conscience and the conscience of the 'Consensus,' I must obey the dictates of my own conscience, come what will. Even though I should find myself in a minority of one, I should stand by my principle, and shout with Frederick Douglass—'One with God is a majority,' and I am that one! On this point Mr. Abbot would agree with me." Probably, and all other men of free and ardent natures, too. So also, when Mr. Spencer would resist, with "seven-shooter" logic, the communist and free-lover who invade his domain, and says, "if the adulterer or communist tells me that he is sincere and obeying the dictates of his own conscience, I reply 'So am I,'"—wise men would probably applaud him.

But surely, in attacking this invader of his farm and family, Mr. S. is attacking "individualism" rather than the "Consensus." History shows us that the rights in farms and families are a social growth, rooted in the "Consensus of the Competent." And even though this "Consensus" does, before it becomes competent, threaten Galileo and burn Servetus, as the critics are mirthfully showing, still social security and civilization rest upon its growth. The "competent" increase with education, and their "Consensus" is ever widening and growing more just. We care little for the phrase, but its principle, as Mr. Abbot says, lies "at the very foundation of republican government and institutions." "Individualism has no future in America; and if liberalism harnesses to its car this ill-omened steed, it too will have no future." Especially when individualism begins to encourage crime and vice, the "Consensus" has a right to speak with authority. In those vigorous words from "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," of which a correspondent of the *Index* again reminds us: "If Freedom does not like it, let her go and sit on the heights self-gathered in her prophet mind, and send the fragments of her mighty voice rolling down the wind. She will be better employed in spouting poetry on the rocks of the Matterhorn than in patronizing vice on the flags of the Haymarket." We believe in Freedom, but not less in the Fellowship and Character implied in the "Consensus of the Competent."

Since the above was written, the report of Mr. Frothingham's farewell address to his society came. He thought "the era of Individualism is drawing to its close. The time is coming when affiliation with each other and communion together will establish new modes of filling the wants and aspirations of the soul. It seems to me that the world is on the verge of an era when organization will be invoked to work out our problems; that the era of distruction has passed by, and the era of reconstruction is dawning; that the pulling down has been done, and the current of human progress is setting in the direction of building up, helping each other, producing new institutions." He referred to "the spirit of organization manifest everywhere. He had lately sat in a parlor with a rector of Grace Church on one side of him, and the minister of the Society for Ethical Culture on the other, and they had all put the little wisdom of their heads together to devise ways to ameliorate the condition of the poor in this city, scarcely recollecting that they were all sworn enemies on Sunday. He saw in these things one of the many signs of the times. He was not prepared to say what the creed of this new organization would be, but he had read enough and pondered enough to know that social science was busy harmonizing, and to believe that the time was near when all these elements would come together upon an unassilable intellectual basis."

Against any discouraging tales from the South, let us set the educational figures given in the report of the State Superintendent of Tennessee. He says 33,507 more pupils attended school in that State in 1878 than in 1877, and, of this increase, 11,299 were colored children. There was also an increase of 742 schools and 591 teachers; and $186,000 more was raised for school purposes than in the previous year.

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF AMERICA OUT OF THE PULPIT.

IV.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HARRIET S. TOLMAN.

As we speak this name beloved by so many hearts throughout our land, and reverenced by so many earnest minds,—a feeling of serenity comes to us, of the well-poised tranquility of strength. We do not seek from this poet the graceful play of light fancy, nor the high coloring of passionate imagination; but we gain from him the simple, satisfying beauty of soul speech, the inspiration which comes through consecrated thought, the happy suggestions of spiritual life. Moral strength within exterior loveliness is the picture of his character as we have it.

When we take up a volume of Whittier's poems, we have a sense before-hand of the mood in which it will leave us if we are at all sympathetically receptive,—a mood like the influence from such landscapes as he loves to describe, calm and bright, "with Nature's own exceeding peace." He tells us of "meadows rich with corn,"—of "white sails on the winding river, white sails on the far-off sea,"—of "rippled waters" and "meadow levels,"—of the "purpling hem of hills," and "lakes deep set in valleys green." He describes a time when

> "the warm sky stooped to make
> Double sunset in the lake;
> While above I saw with it,
> Range on range the mountains lit;
> And the calm and splendor stole
> Like an answer to my soul."

Thus he leads us to the benediction of Nature's quiet; and then he shows us that deeper blessedness which it teaches in lessons of trust in God, and sings in psalms of praise for the fullness of God's love. For Nature is always to him the manifestation of God's love and power: Nature's beauty is the token of His mercy; Nature's sustainment is the expression of His law; both are the utterances of that perfection upon which man is to lean with unwavering confidence. To our poet, Nature under every phrase still shows a path leading to that trust in divine rightness and providence which is the ever-recurring theme of his song.

> "Thus evermore,
> On sky, and wave, and shore,
> An all-pervading beauty seems to say,
> God's love and power are one."

All seasons being to him the same message from the Heavenly Father; he reads it in Summer beauty and Winter glory; He hears it in Spring breezes; a "Last walk in Autumn" moves him to say:

> "And I will trust that he who heeds
> The life that hides in mead and wold,
> Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
> And stains these mosses green and gold,
> Will still, as He hath done, incline
> His gracious care to me and mine;
> Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
> And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star."

As appreciation of Nature leads to love of God, so does the sense of divine love lead to a conception of human love and justice; and of this, Whittier especially proclaims that phase most demanded by the events of his generation, human liberty. He, above all others, was the poet of the anti-slavery cause.

We have now noticed that three controling motives of his literary work,—the three themes which, under varied forms, have inspired his many pages of beautiful expression, — Nature, God, Freedom;—Nature in its loveliness,—God in His love,—love in all human relations.

Whittier may be called the religious poet of America. More fully than any one of our prominent singers, does he express religious thought, more frequently than with any other, is religious faith the subject of his verse. Indeed it is the underlying spirit of all his utterances; and each gains from this deeper richness, whether it be sweetness and tenderness, or force and clearness. Let us examine this religious life which he reveals to us, in its relations to God, humanity and the internal soul. We shall find that his words do not stop in mere sentiments; they have definite, controling principles which we can make our own, and thus gain in him a teacher and helper for our daily living. His poetry can bear the test of translation into the prose of common needs; his inspiration is of that truly great character exceptional not from its rareness, but from its fullness of being.

First in Whittier's thought of God comes that trust in His love and providence which we have already considered,—"calm trust in the holy Trinity of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power," an encompassing assurance which makes him say: "Deep below, as high above, sweeps the circle of God's love." It finds expression in "Andrew Kykman's Prayer," "The Eternal Goodness," and "My Psalm." A constant thought with him is

> "That more and more a Providence
> Of love is understood,
> Making the springs of time and sense
> Sweet with eternal good."

It is a sure thing to him that

"Darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

He believes that "soon, or late, our Father makes His perfect recompense to all." In such a faith the recompense has already begun, and "the poor and needy of the earth are rich in the pefect love of God!" Thus his optimism explains itself, and becomes a tone of gladness throughout gravity, a victorious assertion in the midst of wrong and trial. It is an optimism which could sing his "All's Well" in the time which seemed dark to him, which in "The Shadow and The Light" helped him to say:—

"God knows all;
I only know that He is good,
And that whatever may befall,
Or here or there, must be the best that could."

This trust is an impulse elevating submission into acquiescence; and it is a support giving confidence its repose. From such quietness one may say:

"God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure."

With Whittier trust is not the reliance of ignorance,—of the mind too shallow to question, too weak to struggle with the unknowable; he has asked the "Questions of Life,"—"the same old baffling questions;" he has seen the "spectres of the mind, doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined." It is because of this experience that his faith is now all the more triumphant and sweet, and also that it comes to us with a surer help of conviction.

The belief that God's power is clothed in love, leads directly to that in God's forgiveness; and the poet who sings the blessedness of the one, gives us naturally the comfort of the other. It is one of the thoughts of light all through Whittier's poems. In one of his earliest volumes he says God's "mercy ever liveth;" and later he wrote:—

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still."

One of his recent poems tells us how "The Two Angels,"—"the tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love,"—"brought a holier joy to heaven,"—where "henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven."

The third prominent motive in Whittier's writing, is enthusiasm for liberty. His religion, has strong, human relations. We cannot imagine it otherwise than that such a profound sense of God's love, should seek expression through all manifestations of love,—"the one great purpose of creation, Love, the sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!" He has sympathy with all phases of life, joy and suffering, work and play. He has sung the "Songs of Labor," and has recognized the pathos of the fact that "small leisure have the poor for grief." The ballads are full of insight into heart yearnings and happiness;—there is "Maud Muller" with its "might have been,"—"Amy Wentworth" and "The Ranger" portraying happy love,—and the story of "Telling the Bees" with its tender sadness. Contrasted with the heart and sympathy shown in his ballads, is the public interest which makes him ready for the great events of the day as they follow each other, and of which he sees and uses the moral significance. Not only the terrible season of our civil war and the glad celebrations of our centennial period, have words from his pen, but also the Chicago fire, the Peace Convention of Brussels, the coming of Kossuth, the question of abolishing the gallows. Especially, however, has he given utterance to the "Voices of Freedom;" with bravery, with untiring devotion, with unfailing fidelity has he plead and rebuked, has he encouraged and prompted. Thus he has made himself one of the prophets of our land, and his influence has been a channel for God's love and justice, working a way of human brotherhood.

For the individual soul Whittier's religion has hope, courage, and a belief in immortality, as the outcome of its trust in God;—a spirit of self-sacrifice, work and forgiveness, a reliance upon the power of goodness, as its manifestations in practical uses. He says:—

"Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and one with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!"

And this is some of his "sunshine bravery:"—

"But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats."

Assurances of immortality are found in every volume of his poems,—not coming from a groping sense, but with the light which brings security to shadowed hearts. This belief has full expression in his early lines to Follen, "on reading his essay on the Future State," and in the beautiful "Gone" which seems written expressly for each of so many sorrowing homes; it is a rejoicing note in his late tribute to Summer; and it is one of the tender strains woven into his household idyl, "Snow Bound."

"Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

Where the religious basis is God's love, the moral code must include generosity, forgiveness and work. Whittier's faith in the power of goodness never fails,—even of "the green and quiet ways of unobtrusive goodness;" and he believes that "that which shares the life of God, with him surviveth

all." We should make our daily lives a prayer;" for, "to worship rightly is to love each other, each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer." True living is working; true work is life and love united.

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know."

"The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end."

A realization of God's forgiveness cannot fail of being accompanied by an impulse towards human forgiveness. Whittier tells us in his "Vision of Echard" that the Benedictine heard the divine voice say:—

"Who counts his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives, and pities,
He serveth me alone."

Elsewhere he writes:—"Love scarce is love that never knows the sweetness of forgiving." And what more beautiful illustration of forgiveness could we have than the one he shows us in his "Angels of Buena Vista?"

It is but right that he who so strongly claims liberty for all men, should exhort each man to make the best use of the fruits of liberty, democratic institutions and the right to the ballot. Whittier is faithful to this duty. He says:—

"The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote;"

And in his "Eve of Election," he tells us it should be thrown with "hearts of prayer." The "Poor Voter on Election Day" should be able to exclaim:—"The wide world has not wealth to buy the power in my right hand!" Democracy is to Whittier a name "still sacred," though "breathed by those whose hearts its truth deride," and his apostrophe to it at another election season, should stir each man to the "homage of his generous youth."

We have seen what Whittier's religion of the individual soul is in its triple relation towards God, humanity and itself; he contributes to the religious sentiment of society as well. The poet who preaches freedom for the race, and sings of love in all the associations of spiritual and social being, must be an apostle of Freedom and Fellowship in religion. He must believe that faith is more than creed, that religious sympathy is better than religious controversy, and that the spirit is more than the form. Whittier speaks of "the broken staff of creed," and "the husks of creed;"—and says:—"Spite of all the lies of creeds, hold fast the faith that God is good." "O, Love Divine!" he exclaims, "no bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou knowest." He writes:—

"All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!"

We have a beautiful illustration of the spirit of fellowship in his story of "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," where Pastorius and the Swedish pastor "argued as Quaker and as Lutheran, ending in Christian love, as they began." Years ago he gave us a plea for the "freedom of the mind" in his account of how Macey settled upon Nantucket, self-exiled from his old home, for "harboring banished Quakers," and how he made "the sea-beat island" "free as the winds that winnow her shrubless hills of sand."

Whittier's religion is free, but it is sure unto itself, with a definite embodiment of belief. It is of the spirit; but it finds a teacher in the Bible. It holds as truth "that love of God is love of good," but "chiefly, its divinest trace is in Him of Nazareth's holy face." Christ is "Our Master," and

"Warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Thus for the varied needs of life, our dear poet,—the New England singer,—is also our religious helper and preacher. He is everywhere consistent, everywhere true to his best self; we recognize a unity of purpose in all his volumes. He shows us undoubting trust in God, unfailing sympathy with man; we thank him for giving us expressions of hope and faith, and impulse towards high living, with with which we can illumine our souls and inspire our lives.

The quotation concerning Mr. Ingersoll, which in our last number was ascribed to President Andrew D. White, was so assigned in the paper whence it came; but it proves to have been from J. T. Sunderland's lecture of last November.

Mrs. Kate G. Wells, in the *Christian Register*, suggesting how schools could be improved, speaks of the evils of the too crowded rooms, the too frequent change of teachers, the marking system and examinations. On the last point she says: "The chief evil in examinations is that the scholar is trained with an exclusive view to these examinations, much knowledge being requisite for them, that can well be forgotten, and much general knowledge of the law of cause and effect that obtain through every department of life is lost sight of. Memory takes the place of insight. Subjects, not facts, should be examined; let a pupil tell all he knows about some subject rather than one special item concerning it. One rule of every examination should be that no pupil should be examined in anything that he has studied or looked up within the last fortnight; and should be that no lesson should be recited on the day it is learned."

The new monument of Edward Everett, in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, has among its inscriptions the following:

"Who, placed in many public trusts,
Remained faithful in all of them
To his original calling,
The ministry of reconciliation."

THE GROWTH OF DOCTRINE; OR, THE OLD-NEW CREED.

IV.
INSPIRATION.

JOSEPH MAY.

The radical truth, out of which the present discussion must grow, is that of the essential identity of the Divine and Human natures. This is a postulate of religion: unless it be true, we can never know God, much less enter into intelligent relations with Him. In the expansion of His traits, Deity infinitely transcends Humanity and rises above human *comprehension;* but if the traits of His nature are not (so far as ours extend) essentially the same with man's, then we cannot even *apprehend* them nor imagine them. If He has traits other and essentially unlike ours, these we cannot even guess at. Our inferences from Nature, as well as the accepted intuitions of Faith and the instinct of Worship, all presuppose this general truth—the essential likeness of Deity and Humanity.

So we believe of God, in general terms, that He is a vital Being; a being possessed of powers and forces; a rational Being; a moral Being; a Being capable of emotions and affections. We predicate of Him, *necessarily*, Force (or Will), Mind, Emotion, Moral qualities. Take away any of these attributes, and He ceases to be God in any sense satisfactory to Religion. To apply the Divine Name to the physical forces of Nature, or to a mere idea, or to a generalization like "Humanity," is to utter a misnomer, to abuse language. At least, the present inquiry is precluded on any other condition than that I have named.

But if God exists, and is such as we assume, another truth immediately presents itself. It is this: God must express or manifest Himself. His traits or attributes are such as logically compel this. Vitality, Will, Mind, Affections, Morality, cannot remain inoperative and inexpressive. Vitality *implies* functional activity and procreative ability. Will *implies* its exertion. The activities lodged in an entity possessed of Force are spontaneous. Mind *implies* activity; a thinking being not only can think—he does think. So the affectional and moral natures *imply* self-expression. A good and loving God must desire to procreate a spiritual family and to enjoy the delight of blessing them and of winning their love.

Now there are two grand ways in which such a Being may express Himself. The one is through the outward world, the world of sense; the other is in the inward world, the world of spiritual relations. Possessed of Force, He may operate effects in the material universe; as Spirit, He may directly reach the kindred Spirits of His offspring. So we have two parallel fundamental and instinctive beliefs of religion: first, that God has called into being, sustains and governs the outward universe, through which course the "forces of Nature" (as we call them, but which are really only the diversified manifestations of the Divine Personal Will); and, second, that Deity is and has always been in direct personal relations with men. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." The modes and extent of this personal relation of God with men have always been debated: they can never be exhaustively described or known; hence the finite intellect can never comprehend the Infinite. But the substance of them has been implied in all religious belief and sentiment. And this is what we mean by Inspiration.

In-spiration, the *in*-coming of God's spirit to man's. But God's spirit is Himself, and man's spirit is himself. Inspiration, then, is only the approach, the direct, personal approach, of God to Man. It corresponds, obviously, to Prayer, which is the uprising, the approach of our spirits to God. The two are the two elements of communion between God and Man, each correlative with the other, as Jesus implied when he said that, in answer to prayer, God would not fail to give men His Holy Spirit. If, in the secret of one's closet, or in public "in the great congregation," one has really risen, in the essence of his being, a little toward God, if one's spirit has been actually lifted into contact with the Divine Spirit, one has prayed. Life may be a prayer if one lives habitually in this contact, as some have done. The corresponding relation of God to us, His *answering* approach to and communion with us, is Inspiration. August, profound, high, the thought is; but in essence it is simple. Obviously, upon our assumption of the essential likeness of Deity and Humanity (which Jesus, greatest of religious philosophers, postulated in his doctrine of God's paternity and human childship to God), the case is strictly parallel, in its nature, with that of genuine communion between the spirits of men.

And by reference to such communion of human spirits we actually best illustrate the various problems connected with Inspiration. For example, as to the substance of Inspiration, who has not received its counterpart from a human friend? In all the common intercourse of life, it is a scarcely noticed but pervading and most effective influence. Every man is, at any moment, not only what he is in himself, but what he becomes under the impression of the spiritual natures with which he is more or less closely in contact. From every one of us there go out constantly and irrepressibly, spiritual influences corresponding to his character, affecting whomsoever they may reach. It is often said of a physician that his presence is worth more than his prescriptions. In warfare, the contagion of a courageous character stimulates all others and helps them to be heroic. You are led into the company of some good man, the conversation may be wholly neutral in its character, you may discuss not one of the higher problems of life, nor receive from him a syllable of actual homily, but you come away refreshed in all your better nature, your mind newly aroused and oriented, the *all of you* ready for

new effort and endurance. Of such experiences we often use, and rightly use, the word "inspiration." Sometimes we call it "magnetism." The essential fact is that one's spirit has come into communion or contact with others, and the influences proceeding from those others, their "drawing nigh," or "incoming," have given stimulus and revival to one's own. These spiritual or personal influences correspond to those of the material world. They radiate spontaneously, as heat from the fire, or light from the sun. One cannot be in the presence of another without, in some measure, giving them forth and receiving them.

So of God. The Infinite Spirit cannot be in the universe without these influences going forth from Him. We live, everywhere and momentarily, under them. And all the energies of His Infinite Nature are perpetually in complete activity. He is, at all times, all that can be, both in Himself and to every one of His children and His creatures. So the influences proceeding from Him are constant and all-abundant. His presence is like that of the all-pervading air, whose pressure, indeed, we do not know that we feel. But shut one's self off from it, on any side, and how tremendous! Withdraw it, pollute it, and we perish! Open but the door or window, and how it streams in to revive one! We cannot get figures from the natural world too tremendous for the analogies of the spiritual. But the subtileness and gentleness of the Divine forces, in either realm, are equal to their potency. A prominent mining engineer told me that he had lately stood in the engine-room of some great iron-works, at a time when, from the large apartment, the blowing engines were removing, every hour, an amount of air *more than ten times* the capacity of the room. All this air was being forced in by the pressure of the external atmosphere through the accidental crevices about doors and windows. But so gently was this vast operation going on, that when he opened the door to enter he had felt a waft of warm air come strongly out, like a summer breeze, upon his face! So tremendous, no doubt, so irresistible, and yet so gentle and unperceived, is also the descent of the Infinite Spirit of God upon human souls!

To proceed. The human analogy which we were following will indicate also the *conditions* of the Divine incoming. Thus, how often we are in each other's bodily presence, exchanging courtesies, seeing and hearing each other, and yet conscious that our real selves are infinitely wide apart! Sometimes this takes place: you are drawn to some other and begin to open yourself to him, as we say, happily going out to him, when something in his manner or speech or tendency of thought suddenly arouses a suspicion or antagonism. Instantaneously a change comes over your feelings; you are conscious of a barrier erecting itself within you; you draw back in the spirit, while yet your lips move freely and politely, and the conversation goes on in form as before. There is no longer *communion*. The other may draw near to you still, but you have withdrawn from him.

Or, again, you are in the company of some great and good man, but you are low, unspiritual, unready to be influenced by him; or you are, only for that moment, perverse, unsympathetic—you are conscious with a sense as of guilt, perhaps, that you are shutting him out.

Here, then, we have the indication of the primary condition of Inspiration—that is, *Receptivity*. Though another spirit may approach one's own, to come in it must be admitted, or there is no inspiration. As in Prayer, though God be never so accessible, the human spirit must rise, or there is no prayer. In a word, it is a natural and necessary law of Inspiration that God can come into us, can inspire us, only on condition that, and so far as, we are able and ready to admit Him. As David said, "The Lord is nigh to all who call upon Him—to all who call upon Him *in truth*." And St. James said, "Draw nigh to Him and He will draw nigh to you." And as Jesus said, "God is Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

One of the most terribly impressive suggestions of Jesus, which has given rise to no end of superstition, is a wholly philosophical statement, and vividly illustrates this law of receptivity regulating inspiration. "All manner of sin and blasphemy will be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit will never be forgiven, * * * neither in this world nor in the world to come." This is merely the statement of a natural and necessary truth. To blaspheme against the Holy Spirit is not to utter mere ribald words of profane import. It is to outrage the Spirit by refusing it admission. It is to turn away God from the heart's doors with contumelious rejection of His loving, saving approach. To be accepted is all God really asks from His children: their childish, ignorant, perverse denials and aspersions of His majesty, with all other wickedness, He can forgive, for His accepted presence will purge all away; but He cannot bless with forgiveness the soul which persists in an attitude of hostile alienation, for He cannot reach it with His healing, reconciling influences, whether in this world or another.

But not only is Inspiration conditioned thus by the general attitude of our minds, it is conditioned also in particular by our individual mental constitutions. Character consists in the susceptibility of the individual to the Divine elements or forms of truth, the adaptation of his spiritual structure to apprehend and use them. The presence of God with us is a grand energizing force, urging and stimulating all our faculties. But it is obvious that its effects will be chiefly manifested in those which are most highly developed, most susceptible to stimulation. To state it in another form: as God is all truth, His presence with us is the presence of all truth, and the individual mind responds to those elements of truth which it is best able to understand and appreciate and desire. We see one man constitutionally susceptible to the truth of beauty—he is an artist; but he may be in equal degree deficient in susceptibility to moral truth—he may be at once an artist and a criminal. We see another highly sensitive

to the truths of human relations—he is a philanthropist; but he is utterly untouched by the truths of form, color, or sound. So the influence of God's presence with these contrasted organisms, pressing equally upon all, will exhibit itself most fully in those particulars of their character which are most susceptible. And thus we shall have our Isaiahs and Davids, our Homers and Shakspeares, our Raphaels and Mozarts, our Anselms and Howards and Channings.

Nor is only this true. We not only vary as individuals among others, but each one may vary within himself as to his capacity for receiving inspiration. Are there not hours when each of us is, somehow, peculiarly plastic to various forms of truth? —hours when one is more than usually susceptible to beauty, to love, to moral duty?—hours, most blest of all, when (perhaps through vicissitude of earthly condition), one is strangely responsive to the whole incoming of the Divine, and able, as not usually, to rise into His felt presence? These are "God's opportunities;" when His Spirit flows into ours newly and more abundantly, as the reviving air of morning presses in at our opened windows, after nights perhaps of peaceful, composing slumber, perhaps of weary grief or of wasting pain.

I have thus far (imperfectly, according to the measure of this brief essay) tried to exhibit the nature of Inspiration and its practical conditions. My principal aim has been to show it to be a universal and generic, not a particular and individual relation of the Divine to human spirits; mysterious, indeed, but not miraculous; constant, not occasional; normal, not irregular or capricious. It remains only to inquire after its results.

We have seen that spirits approach each other, reach each other, commune, on condition and to the extent of and according to their natural and acquired adaptation of structure, or, in common words, according to their fitness for sympathy. But it is a truism that what we sympathize with we understand. The sympathy is possible because of mutual likeness, and that which is like ourselves we understand, because in ourselves and our own consciousness we have its counterpart. To the extent, therefore, of our own knowledge of ourselves; of our spiritual quickening and exaltation; that is, according to our capacity to receive Him, when God comes to us, *we know Him.* In a word, to the extent to which we receive Inspiration, we have also *Revelation.* The God who comes into us is *unveiled* to us. We see Him, no longer in a glass darkly, groping after Him if haply we may find Him among outward phenomena or by the indirect processes of reasoning, but face to face.

Revelation, then, is also a natural and necessary fact, the concomitant and result of Inspiration. But this does not mean Revelation in the common meaning of the term, but in a deeper and truer sense. As in common usage Inspiration has meant not God's quickening presence, open to and pressing upon all souls, but an especial influence arbitrarily exerted upon select individuals, so Revelation has meant, not the direct spiritual knowledge of God, the apprehension by sympathy of His nature and character and relations to us, but actual information, the verbal communication of outward facts of His past dealings with men, His present providential plans and future purposes. But without now discussing the alleged proofs of any such supposed communications from God to men, it is sufficient to point out that they could never, if verified, convey to men a true knowledge of God. *Information* reaches only to the mind, the intellectual part of man. It could convey only knowledge *about* God, not the knowledge *of* God. We might have of it all that has ever been pretended, and still men might not know Him. The very dead might rise, as Jesus said,

> "Angels descend with songs again,
> And earth repeat the loud Amen,"

and still they might not know Him. "Who by searching hath found out God?" It is only when the spirit which is in man, the all of us, is brought into that true relation of sympathy with Him that we are in actual contact with the object of knowledge, so that it becomes possible for us to apprehend and understand what it is. Only then, when we are at one with God, do we know Him even as we are known of Him. Only when the man is inspired is God unveiled.

But let us note, finally, what this revelation and true knowledge of God must in the ultimate instance result in. In essence and in extent, we have seen, Inspiration and Revelation depend upon the likeness of the human spirit to the Divine. So far as this extends, so far does the man know God, and so far he reflects God. The lover of beauty knows God in æsthetic relations, and is God-like in his love of and skill in plastic art. The nobly moral man may reflect the Divine righteousness. The man of mighty will may image the infinite energy of God. The philanthropist may be divine in his love of his brethren. But suppose all these things in one. It is plain that the soul which should surrender itself *totally* to the Divine incoming must become (to its own extent) completely like God; understanding and responding to Him in all parts of His nature; revering Him in all His traits; willing all, and willing only, the things He wills. To the full extent of its own capacity, the human spirit will have taken in the Divine Spirit, and all its springs of feeling, of thought and of action, will be filled and energized and governed by the indwelling God. In the man we see the "fullness of the Godhead," the plenitude of present Deity, enshrined. Then (if I may here borrow a former statement of my own), "when the two wills thus united coincide in the direction of their operation, when the all of the manhood surrenders itself in sympathy to co-operative Deity; when the man loves as God loves, purposes as God purposes, wills as God wills—then, freely and of himself, yet under the single direction of Divine impulse, the man acts by, for, and As God. Though the human soul remains individual and the human will free, the action of the man is also the action of God. The two are one, not in person, but in efficiency and in semblance. The man is

man; God is still God alone; but the Divine Spirit has taken up its abode in the human economy; the human faculties are energized and directed by the Divine co-operative will; the Divine Spirit is normally *incarnate* with the human, its spring of power, its guide, its vital force."

Incarnation, then, is the ultimate result of Inspiration. Where the Divine Spirit enters by Inspiration, there it dwells by Incarnation.

Is not this the phenomenon presented to us in the career of *Jesus?* In him, the confident apprehension and unreserved acceptance of the Divine Spirit took to his consciousness the character of a complete union. "I and my Father are one." The Christian world has felt the reality in him of this august fact, and has confused his *personality* with that of Deity. The fact was not this, nor that the all of Godhead was in him; but that (in the manner I have tried to suggest) the whole capacity of that transcendant manhood opened itself to the incoming Spirit of the Divine. If as parent and offspring a common nature is in the two, the product of this *total* inspiration must be the Ideal Man; and also it must be the image of God.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE AT CINCINNATI, MAY 6—9, 1879.

DEAR UNITY: Twenty-seven years ago the Trinitarian Congregationalists, of Ohio, organized their "State Conference." Twenty-seven years ago a little band of Unitarian Congregationalists met in Cincinnati and organized their "Western Conference." This year, on the same days, the two sisters—descendants of the same household of faith—came to Cincinnati to hold their annual meeting. It was curious to compare them. One paper mixed them up, and cruelly printed the long report of Mr. Savage's radicalism among the proceedings of the sister who was discussing "How to treat Scepticism,—are we conceding to its claims?" But if, some seventy years ago, in that old household, the fathers had only been willing to say what the big sister was now eager to say, who knows but that to-day the two would have met together instead of meeting apart! For the foremost subject before the Trinitarians was the question, "Do we need a new Declaration of Faith? Shall we make a new symbol of our own, adapted to the times in which we live, Scriptural, large, robust; and thus lay aside forever those sacred words, 'for substance of doctrine,' or shall we combine together reverently, from time to time, with tonics and triturations, about the body of the old?" So asked the Rev. Mr. Brand, and so far from setting his brethren on fire, they unanimously voted that the time had come to "consider the propriety of preparing an overture" upon the subject to their next National Council. That does not sound like rash reform. And it was only the doctrines of "imputation," "decrees," "election," and specially of "infants' election," and "limited atonement" that Mr. Brand proposed to freshen. What he proposed to *keep* included "the infallibility of the Scriptures, the deity of Christ, the lost condition of man, the offer of redemption through the atonement, the eternal punishment of the wicked." Perhaps it was as well the little sister met apart.

The same papers that reported our Conventions were busy with a third phase of faith. A veritable "act of faith," *auto da fe*, it was,—the sacrifice of little Edith Freeman, by her father, in Rhode Island. "Murder" was the word they used for it, although it was evidently the father's belief in the Bible's infallibility that led him to commit the act: "All Christians believe that Abraham was commanded to sacrifice Isaac: If they can believe that, why are my religious fellow-worshippers blamed for believing with me that I was commanded to sacrifice my daughter in these latter days? I firmly believe that God put it into my heart,—that is, spoke to me,—to do that act, that the world might see that there was faith even as great as Abraham's. I did think that he would stay my hand before I struck the blow." How many thoughts that tragedy raises! Christians *do* praise Abraham for the very intent for which they may hang Freeman! And they call those shocked at the God who inspired the horror in Old Testiment time, or who disbelieve the story that God did inspire it,—infidels! And, then, those who believe that each one is a law unto himself,—what do the apostles of the divine right of Free Love, for instance, say to the doctrine of Free Murder? Perhaps as quaint a thing as will be said by any one was soberly put forth in an editorial of the *Commercial:* After stating the conundrum, "Had Abraham been permitted to carry his purpose into execution, would men have pointed to it with pride as an act of sublime faith?" it suggests, "There is the reflection that it was necessary to prefigure a greater sacrifice which would be made some thousands of years afterward."

But now for our Conference. Cincinnati was in its brightest mood,—which isn't saying much; the people in their most hospitable mood,—which *is* saying much; the delegates were fit, if few,—Rush Shippen, with genial messages from the Eastern Unitarians, among them; the greetings hearty. Mr. Wendte, as general host, was graceful and alert. His people were still in a glow of virtue and happiness over the large reduction of their church debt and the renewal of their church building. It looked finely in its neat frescoes, albeit the pews from Boston had not come. "Boston is always slow," explained Mr. Wendte. "Cincinnati ought to have known better than to send to Boston for anything *wooden*, —or anything that had *ends* to it, anything with finalities," retorted Mr. Shippen. Mr. Shorey, as President of the Conference, pushed its business easily and promptly, now and then putting in a strong, wise word of his own.

People talk most of money when they have a good deal of it, and when they have very little of it. We had very little, therefore we talked of it. O, for a Paul to write an epistle to our churches,—an epistle all about the "body" and the "members!" "If the hand should say, 'I am not of the body,' *is* it not of the body? and if the foot, etc." So many of our hands and feet believed in the *not*, that this year again there was a deficit in the small sum absolutely needed to keep life in the Western Unitarian "body,"—a worse deficit than last year. And the reasons for it were so many and so good! But the heart-searching and pocket-searching that took place on the spot, and the vows vowed, and the plots plotted to insure returns and prompt returns next year! We do not believe that Paul will be needed then.

Except for this failure and the pathos that it gave the business meeting, nearly all went well. In contrast with that pathos, it was almost comic to see ourselves voting, Yea and Amen to appeals for the Divinity Schools at Cambridge and

Meadville. Of course we sympathized; and, of course, as President Shorey told us, "The West is rich." Means were taken to have President Eliot's stirring words find hearing among us. "Who of the Liberals of the West are going to join the Liberals of the East in strengthening the two schools of the land that do not shackle with a creed the ministers they educate?"

The Secretary reported that never before since the Conference was organized, twenty-seven years ago, had there been a year marked by such a decided advance, and by such *systematic activity;* and made good his words by encouraging facts about the debts reduced, the new workers welcomed, the University centers occupied by picked preachers, the increasing interest of the State Conferences, the establishment of official Headquarters for our work at Chicago, the success of UNITY, a paper "not of us but with us,"—and to this he added, "The women are the rising factor of hopefulness in our work. On them, more than on men, the future Liberal work of the West depends." We don't believe it, but he said it.

Three of the most important meetings of the week had only cousinly connection with the Conference. The Women's Meeting, called by the Liberal Women's Union, of Chicago, sadly thinned our number, but returned to us with faces radiant, as those who had seen the sun rise. The second meeting was held in a corner by your Publishing Committee, dear UNITY. In one point our hopes in your behalf were dashed to the ground. The bundle containing you failed to come, and consequently *your* sun didn't rise upon the Conference! The third was the meeting of the Sunday-school Society, on Friday. A full report was made of the past year's work which the Society has thus far ventured on, and then our little band of teachers extemporized a question-box, and for two hours we tried to solve each other's Sunday-school difficulties.

The essays were strongly thought and phrased. Frederic Hosmer, of Cleveland, discussed the question "How our Congregational Churches should *worship*," in the fourfold aspect of the service—sermon, reading, music, prayer. "The sermon has been the strong arm of our unliturgical worship, awakening more of moral force and devout feeling than all the repetitions of the ritual." "The reading is best when it is from Scriptures, new as well as old. The singing best when congregational. The prayer best when it voices the spontaneous feeling of the hour. But best of all, it is that Congregational Churches are free to adopt forms that vary widely, and so to take the best that any source supplies.

Brooke Herford, of Chicago, on the other hand, told us "What our Churches should be *doing*." Doing less "club" work and more "church" work, he said; having fewer fairs and suppers, and more "dead-lifting" at a debt, when debt there is; less mere listening with the ears and more listening with the mind at the service; less literary shoddyism and more real study at the Literary Society; less tax-gathering and more simple sociality at the social meetings; more earnest propagandism, moral and religious, among those who would be helped by our church-life,—especially among the non-wealthy classes; and to that end, more simplicity throughout our church-life. Unitarianism, he thinks, in this country is losing its hold upon the people; in England it is gaining hold on them.

John Learned, of St. Louis, answered trenchantly the question, "How to read the Bible." So as to get the author's sense from it, he said, instead of putting our sense into it. The authors, like all other authors, had a sense, a *one* sense to their words. To find that is to read them. To seek for double senses, hidden meanings, to allegorize or dogmatize, or moralize or rationalize or mythologize the Bible, to read the supernatural out of it and nineteenth century philosophy and science into it, to make Genesis a story of evolution, and Jesus a philologist and his disciples metaphysicians, is to rob the book of all its beauty, all its power, all its genuineness.

Mr. Chainey, Mr. Cravens, and Mr. Savage struck that key-note without which no Unitarian Conference could be. There are good reasons for it—yet shall we never have one Conference without telling each other our multiplication-table—what Unitarianism is, and why we are, and why the world cannot get on without us? One reason for it is that, in telling one another, a few outsiders overhear and catch the gospel: we have a missionary mind. Another reason is that these Conference statements take the place with us of creed and catechism. As the latter are enjoyed constantly by their believers, so these occasional rehearsals are enjoyed by us. (It is a sinner who throws this stone!) At Cincinnati the table was recited very finely by all the three speakers, each with a ring of his own. Chainey's paper was a noble plea for "Completeness"—for a large, all-sided development of our religious nature. No, his word could not have been spared; the Conference was the richer for it. As little could we have spared Craven's paper on "Our Reason to Be," with its outspoken declaration—"As yet, no religious body plants itself fairly and squarely on pure, unadulterated Naturalism. The opportunity invites *us*. * * * We must either say, 'Truth for authority' or 'authority for Truth:' we cannot hold at once to both these apothegms. * * * To conceive religion thus as a natural growth is to make it both invincible and glorious. Invincible—for then an Ingersoll would have no vocation; glorious, for the good the past has had, without the bad, remains to it."

Mr. Savage's address on "The Unitarian Position and Outlook," showed that familiar thought, uttered with unfamiliar force and aggressiveness, is the combination that gives a speaker the greatest power of impression. He stood up without notes, and held his large audience to the applauding point for a good hour and a half, his word reaching them like a bugle-call. The two great principles of Unitarianism, he said, were Reason and Righteousness. Reason its method, as against the two popular sources of religion, the infallible Church and the infallible Book, with which he contrasted it. Righteousness its aim and end, the essential of salvation, to which all else is second—the test, too, of all ideals of God and man and doctrine—in contrast with that something else than righteousness which Orthodoxy emphasizes as salvation's price. Mr. Moody said, "Morality does not touch the question of salvation," and all orthodox America had by silence assented. In that assent Orthodoxy consecrated immorality! Next, what outlook had a system based on two such principles as these? Like all the best things, its growth must needs be slow; but like the best things, too, it is the only faith that has a future. It is ours to reconcile the thought and the religions of the age: we do this not by organizing on a creed, which in a growing universe *must* suffer change, but by organizing on the simple purpose to seek

truth and apply truth in life. Every step the world takes in advance will therefore be a step toward us.

Such was the prophecy we laid to heart, thanking the prophet. The platform meeting of the closing night was not nearly so inspiring. Good words by more than one were spoken, but, as a whole, it was too "free and easy" to be good. Why should not ten-minute speeches have a beginning and an end, and a clear one thought? Why not have definite topics for them, as for the longer essays, to make each one a shot that tells—the speakers being fairly warned that with ten minutes their chance is over for the year? If, besides this, at the other meetings, we could somehow have discussion of the long essays—it would be impracticable without diminishing their number—our Conference would be, even more than now, a bright event in the year. But happy they within whose year this Conference fell, just as it was. W. C. G.

THE DAVENPORT CONFERENCE.

The joint meeting of the Illinois Fraternity and the Iowa Association was large and enthusiastic. The banner delegation was from Sheffield, and consisted of twenty-five at the opening, half of the number remaining during the session. The opening speech by Robert Collyer on the "Spirit of Robert Ingersoll," was listened to by a full house with frequent manifestations of delight.

The papers generally were well up with the thought and want of the time, and every spare moment between the readings was eagerly siezed for discussion. Under the head of the "New Religion," Mr. Miller made an able plea for the supremacy of conscience and for moral integrity in the religious life. Mr. Blake discussed the question of God's love in the face of such disaster as the late Hungarian flood. He saw the love of God in the laws of God, by acquaintance with which man was enabled to protect himself against threatened calamities. Miss Safford handled the subject of "Unitarian Needs" with ability, placing due emphasis on the want of workers, and especially the want of woman-workers. Her earnest words carried conviction, and deserve to be more extensively heard. The sermon for Wednesday evening, by Mr. Herbert, was one of rare richness. It set forth, in telling phrase, the spirit and genius of the liberal movement. "How shall we advance the cause of temperance?" by Mrs. Ingham, was a word well adapted to stir lagging energies in relation to this subject, and was warmly welcomed by the Conference. Our good Dr. Balch talked to us like a father on the duties we owe our time. Our obligations were to be measured by our light, and therefore mediocrity of effort was unsuited to us. The last two papers, by Mr. Jones and Mr. Effinger, the first on "Miracles," the second on "Some things Unitarian Churches ought to stand for," were a fitting conclusion of the carefully prepared work of the meeting. The most brilliant discussion of the session followed Mr. Jones paper. Marked interest attended the words of Mr. Effinger, through to his last utterance. The renewal of the discussion was only prevented by the hour of adjournment.

The platform meeting in the evening terminated the joint Conference. The speakers were Rev. J. Wassall, of Nora, Ill., Congregational; Rev. E. L. Griggs, of Grinnell, Iowa, recently a Methodist; Mr. Cushing, of Iowa City, a young man of fine spirit and promise; and gentlemen Jones and Clute. It was a meeting for refreshment. Some said, "It is good to be here." Every face reflected the sentiment. The admirable papers, the earnest spirit, the liberty of difference, the generous hospitality, the sociability, were features to make the Davenport meeting a memorable one. C. C.

IOWA CONFERENCE.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Iowa Unitarian Association will be held in Des Moines, Ia., June 3, 4 and 5, 1879. Tuesday evening comes the opening sermon, by J. Vila Blake, Quincy, Ill., on "Fellowship." Wednesday morning there will be a devotional meeting, led by Wm. E. Copeland, address by the President; reports of Secretary, Treasurer and State Missionary; election of officers; and an essay on "Religion from the Standpoint of Science," by Wm. Ward, Algona, Iowa. Wednesday afternoon, an essay on "Indifferentism," by Mrs. Lucretia Effinger, Des Moines, Iowa, and the missionary sermon by Rev. Jenk. Ll. Jones, Janesville, Wis. Thursday comes a devotional meeting, led by Rev. O. Clute; and essays on "Organization," by Rev. E. L. Briggs, Grinnell, Iowa; on "Home Education," by Rev. Wm. E. Copeland, Omaha, Neb.; on "The Fundamental Question," by Rev. S. S. Hunting, Davenport, Iowa; and on "Some Things I have not Lost by my Change of Belief," by Rev. D. H. Rogan, Newton, Iowa. Thursday evening, a social reunion.

The members of the First Unitarian Society of Des Moines extend a cordial invitation to all friends of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," in this and adjoining States, to be present at this meeting, and offer the hospitality of their homes. All proposing to attend are requested to send their names as early as early as possible to Rev. J. R. Effinger, Pastor. Friends, on arrival, will please report at his residence, 540 Eighth Street, west side, Des Moines.

C. T. COLE, *Sec'y.*

LITERARY.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Some Aspects of Religion. By JOHN W. CHADWICK. New York: James Miller.

This volume consists of sixteen sermons, already published as pamphlets in Mr. Chadwick's "Series," and now gathered into the more attractive and enduring form which they deserve. Their subjects are: The Simplicity of True Religion; The Rising Faith; Fate and Freedom; The Child Jesus; The Angel Song; Future Punishment; The Sacred Scriptures; The Morals of Belief; The Faith of the Doubters; Religion and Morality; The State of the Nation; Comfort in Religion; Rational Sacraments; The Art of Life; The Earthward Pilgrimage; and the Infinite Life of Man. All are well worth a second reading, treating, as they do, the more important questions of religion in Mr. Chadwick's rich and reverent thought and pleasing style. The new April sermon on "The Earthward Pilgrimage" is a recognition of the fact and of the blessedness of the fact, that men are learning to devote their thoughts and energies to the present earthly life. Following Mr. Conway in inverting Bunyan's phrase, Mr. Chadwick finds "the new Pilgrim's Progress from the world which is to come, to that which is." Though having faith enough in "the world which is to come," he thinks this changed direction of the pilgrimage is the one which "all true men ought to take and keep with manly resolution." The "New Pilgrim's Progress" will be "an allegory, call it an epic rather,"

far grander and more fruitful than the old one. In it will be united the "poems of Wordsworth and Tennyson and Bryant, of Browning and Whittier and Burns"; "lectures by Tyndal and Huxley and Gray;" "reports upon the ventilation of school houses and the pollution of rivers;" "new inventions;" "model tenement houses;" "all things whatsoever that contribute to make this earthly human life of ours saner and sweeter, to weaken the bonds of ignorance, to extend the boundaries of knowledge, to abridge the limits of disease and crime, to widen human sympathy, to temper charity with prudence, to people this great planet home of ours with a diviner race of beings." Still the new pilgrimage must be patient and orderly. "The most of the would-be reformers at the present time are making matters worse. They would begin by overturning the whole social fabric which mankind has been building these fifty or one hundred thousand years. By no such revolution, but by evolution of the slowest, surest sort, shall we, God helping us, bring in the better time." The sermon is a very healthy one; and yet, Mr. Chadwick did well to follow it and close the volume with that beautiful discourse on "The Infinite Life of Man."

The Lady of the Aroostook. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Though late to speak of a book already so widely read and noticed, we gladly add our word of praise. Lydia is a genuine girl, whom it is good for any of us to meet; and her natural worth and ways, in contrast with and final triumph over artificial foreign customs, make a very healthy story. She not only captivates all the passengers and crew of the Aroostook, but partially conquers even Mrs. Erwin,—that Europeanized American woman, who had determined to "make one bold strike for the proprieties, and have them, or die in the attempt," and "to show that an American can be more European than any of them if she chooses;" who at her toilette had the "exaltation and fury of a champion arming for battle," and whose highest reach of virtue was to "respect your high principles beyond anything, Lydia, and if they can only be turned in the right direction they will never be any disadvantage to you." But the genuine girl is not only brought out in contrast with imported fashions on one side, but with the narrowness and stiffness of rural New England society on the other. We get interesting glimpses of South Bradfield with its "meeting-house so much vaster than the present needs of worship;" its rare companies with "the burning smell of the sheet-iron stove in the parlor" and that "frozen silence which habitually expresses social enjoyment when strangers are present;" and the typical prudent house-keeper, Miss Maria, who mingles her grief at Lydia's departure with warfare on the scratching hens under the lilac bushes, and her joy at the return with regrets over the spot on the silk dress and plans for turning a breadth. The romance of the story is good, too,—the love is healthy and the lover manly. Says the maiden aunt Maria: "I don't say but what he'll make her a good husband, if she must *have* one."

Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. A new edition, with illustrations, introduction and bibliography. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The notable features of this new edition are, the introduction, telling the origin of the story, and giving various letters which it called forth from Dickens, Macaulay, Lord Carlisle, Charles Kingsley, Shaftesbury, Frederika Bremer, George Sand and others; and the bibliography by George Bullen, of the British Museum, detailing the many editions and languages in which the book has appeared. In the library of the British Museum are 35 different complete editions, and eight abridgments or adaptations. Besides these, there have appeared sixty translations in twenty different languages.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy is kept up to its full standard, and betokens no small interest in metaphysical forms of thought. Scientific methods are evidently not entirely as yet in the ascendant, nor "positive" interpretations of life and nature fully accepted by all. The April number gives us the teachings of Hegel and Jacob Bœhme on art, Von Hartmann on Darwinism, and Schilling on the study of theology, while there are original articles on the "World as Force" and the "Science of Education." G. W. C.

The sermons of O. B. Frothingham are regularly issued in pamphlet form by Putnam's Sons, of New York. They have again followed their custom and bound up a dozen of them under the title of "Visions of the Future, and other Discourses." This is the fifth series treated in that way, but has the advantage of continuous paging and of being of uniform size and style with his "Cradle of the Christ" and "New England Transcendentalism." His subjects, as usual, are directly theological, his treatment often controversial, and his aim practical. He speaks of life as a test of creed, morals and religion, the consolations of rationalism, the demand of religion on the age and of the age on religion, the real God and the practical value of belief in God. "The New Song" is that of Christmas as a universal human hope, that roots in all religions, and is other than Christian in the origin of the ways in which we observe it. "Visions of the Future" treats of the belief in the second coming of Christ, regards it as absurd and unfounded, and presents the natural hopes for a better day that is to come. In the sermons of this radical preacher there is always something bracing. They are full of stimulus to thought. There is not a particle of cant about them. They present religion as natural to man, all forms of it, but accidents in its development. There is a real religiousness and piety underneath all apparent skepticism, and a genuine power to appreciate what is real in all forms of faith. There is no narrow condemnation in these sermons, but a very broad spirit of sympathy and of the sturdiest purpose to know and to speak what is really true. All sentimentalism is absent, but there is present not a little of the power to appreciate the sentiments which make religion a power. There is no falling off in these sermons, but perhaps a gain both in sweetness and light. G. W. C.

Dr. H. W. Bellows' Historical Address, in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in honor of its fifty-fourth anniversary and redemption from debt, has been published in a pamphlet containing, also, the other services and letters received at the occasion. Conspicuous among Dr. Bellows' interesting reminiscences of the pastors of the church, is his sketch Orville Dewey, "still alive in his 85th year, but so removed from us by age and infirmities, by distance and long retirement, as to justify almost the freedom with which we speak of the dead." Dr. Dewey was pastor of this church from 1835 to 1848. Dr. Bellows says: "Dewey has from the beginning been the most truly human of our preachers. Nobody has felt so fully the providential variety of mortal passions, and the beauty and happiness of our earthly

life, the lawfulness of our ordinary pursuits, the significance of home, of business, of pleasure, of society, of politics. He has made himself the attorney of human nature, defending and justifying it in all the hostile suits brought against it by imperfect sympathy, by theological acrimony, by false dogmas." "Of all religious men I have known, the broadest and most catholic is Dewey—I say religious men, for it is easy to be broad and catholic, with indifference and apathy at the heart." Dr. Bellows adds that Mr. Dewey "like Franklin, who trained the lightning of the sky to respect the safety, and finally run the errands of men on earth, brought religion from its remote home and demonstrated it in the immediate present. He first successfully taught its application to the business of the market and the street, to the offices of home and the pleasures of society." The pamphlet contains a fine steel portrait of Dr. Dewey, and also one of Dr. Channing.

FIBRES TOWARD UNITY.

Ira C. Billman, the new minister of the Unitarian Church at Jackson, parted from the Congregational church at Adrian very pleasantly. The Adrian *Times* reports a farewell social and reception, "largely attended" and "very pleasant," at which a purse was presented to Mr. Billman, and the lady presenting it (Mrs. C. E. Weaver) said: "I know that I shall but give expression to the sentiments of every heart here when I thank you most heartily for all your good words to us, your common interest and sympathy for us during your sojourn among us; and, as you go from us, you bear with you our kindest wishes for your future prosperity and usefulness."

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* reports a sermon by George W. Cooke on "The Newspaper." Mr. Cooke welcomes the newspaper as an aid to life and religion, but would have better ones. He concludes: "We need more editors who will cease to make their journals moral scavengers, the organs of party opinion, and who will feel that in journalism they have to fill a high and holy mission; that they owe to humanity the most honest thought, the most incorruptible expression of opinion, the honest stand for all that is just and right, and the most steadfast expression of all that is moral and pure in conduct and character. The newspaper is the teacher of the people; let it be worthy of that high calling. The newspaper is the medium of the truest social agitation; let it be a leader competent to direct the footsteps of men toward a better day for humanity. It is the creator of political opinions, the guardian of political rights; let it hold these trusts too high to debase them by any other than honest words and incorruptible convictions. Then it will have a mission and fulfill the demands of it well."

T. W. Higginson, in his recent lecture on "Literature in a Republic," told the following: "I have heard a story about G. W. Curtis, a story which is good enough to be true, and which ought to be true, and so I have never asked Mr. Curtis to verify it. He was a delegate to the State Convention at Syracuse, and while at the hotel he overheard a conversation about different conspicuous delegates. Finally, to his consternation, they edged around to his name. 'There's Curtis,' said one. 'Yes, there's Curtis,' said the other, emphatically. 'Curtis is a good deal of a man,' said the first. 'Yes,' responded the second, 'he's rather intelligent.' 'He is,' said the first,—'he is quite intelligent.' 'He is quite intelligent,' said the second, 'very—uncommon intelligent—for a literary man.'"

The May *Atlantic* contains seven sonnets by C. P. Crouch, on the "Seven Wonders of the World, viz: The Printing Press, the Ocean Steamer, the Locomotive, the Telegraph and Telephone (showing that "time and space are naught—the mind is all,") the Photograph, the Spectroscope and the Microphone. That on the Spectroscope speaks for UNITY:

"All honor to that keen Promethean soul
Who caught the prismic hues of Jove and Mars;
And from the glances of the dædai stars,
And from the fiery sun, the secret stole
That all are parts of one primeval whole,—
One substance beaming through creation's bars
Con.ent and peace amid the chemic wars
Of gases and of atoms. Yonder roll
The planets; yonder, baffling human thought,
Su..s, systems, all whose burning hearts are wooed
To one confession—so hath Science caught
Those eye-beams frank whose speech cannot delude—
How of one stuff our mortal earth is wrought
With stars in their divine infinitude."

The following is from a sermon of J. T. Sunderland: I visited the State Insane Asylum at Kalamazoo two weeks ago, and on my way through the institution when I got to the chapel, I asked the gentleman who was conducting me, "How many of the patients of the asylum attend the religious exercises on Sunday?" He replied, "Perhaps a quarter." "Not more than that?" I said with astonishment. "No," he continued, "for a good many of them had their insanity *brought on* by religious excitement, and all that class, of course, it would not do to have attend the religious services.',

Whither is England drifting? A correspondent of the Birmingham *Post* writes that at two of the churches in that town certainly, and he believes at four, the use of the Athanasian Creed has been discontinued.

The *Unitarian Herald* reports that "Prof. W. Robertson Smith, the heretical Biblical scholar, who is at present in Egypt, was on Saturday returned at the head of the poll for the Aberdeen School Board, with an overwhelming majority of two to one, in spite of the active efforts of his Free Church opponents. He polled 15,679 votes, while Dean of Guild Walker, who was second on the list, secured 7,607. Excepting the working men's candidate, the unsectarian candidates were all returned.

J. T. Sunderland, in a sermon on Talmage (printed in the Ann Arbor *Democrat*) cites several orthodox authorities, who teach that righteousness is not of much value. For instance, some friends told him that Dr. Tiffany (Methodist) of Chicago, two winters ago, exclaimed: "Murder! Why, murder is nothing compared with the sin of denying that Christ is God." Said Henry Varley, the eminent English revivalist, to a congregation of Sunday-school teachers and officers in New York city: "The very worst thing you can do is to teach the children in your classes and schools that they should try to be good. Don't teach them to be good. Teach them to accept Christ. That is the all-important thing. Teaching them to be good will only draw their attention away from that." A Boston evangelical house has published a book edited, approvingly, by Spurgeon, containing these words: "He that believeth shall be saved, let his sins be ever so many; he that believeth not shall be damned, let his sins be ever so few."

SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

RETRIBUTION.

[For illustrative narrative poems v. Matthew Arnold's "Saint Brandan" and Robert Southey's "The Inchcape Rock."]

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—*Paul*, (*1st century.*)

They have sown the wind,
And they shall reap the whirlwind.
Sow to yourselves in righteousness
And ye shall reap according to your piety.
Ye plough wickedness, ye shall reap iniquity.
Yea shall eat the fruit of falsehood.
—*Hosea;* (*Hebrew, 8th century, B. C.*)

Say ye of the righteous that it shall be well with him; for he shall eat of the fruit of his doings. Woe to the wicked, it shall be ill with him; for the work of his hands shall be repaid him.
—*Isaiah*, (*Hebrew, 8th century, B. C.*)

As surely as the pebble cast heavenward abides not there but returns to earth, so according to thy deed, good or ill, will thy heart's desire be meted out to thee in whatever form or world thou shalt enter. —*Buddha*, (*6th century, B. C.*)

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if one enters into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where a man might escape his evil deed.
—*Dhammapada*, (*Buddhist, 3d century, B. C.*)

He who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.—*Confucius*, (*Chinese, 6th century B. C.*)

The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man of the favors which he may receive.—*Id.*

Let wickedness escape as it may at the law, it never fails of doing itself justice; for every guilty person is his own hangman.
—*Seneca*, (*Roman*, 3-65 *A. C.*)

In a region of bleak cold wandered a soul which had departed from the earth; and there stood before him a hideous woman, profligate and deformed. 'Who art thou?' he cried,—'who art thou, than whom no demon could be more foul and horrible?' To him she answered, 'I am thy own actions.'—*Arda Viraf*, (*Persian*, 14*th century A. C.*)

Men may live amid many enmities, but will not escape the enmity and pursuit of their own sin. This shadow at their heels will not leave them, which means destruction.—*Cural*, (*Hindu, 9th century A. C.*)

But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. —*Shakespeare*, 1564-1616.

Riches pass away; flocks perish; relations die; friends are mortal; you will die yourself; but I know one thing alone which is out of the reach of fate: and that is the judgment which is passed upon the dead.
—*The Elder Edda*, (*Old Norse poems, first collected about* 1100 *A. C.*)

My lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem entirely to have forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week, or month, or year; but I charge you, remember that he pays in the end.—*Anne of Austria*, (*to Cardinal Richelieu, 17th century A. C.*)

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—*John Fletcher*, 1576-1625.

Curses like chickens come home to roost.—*Old English Proverb.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.
—*Friedrich von Logau*, 1604-1655. (*Tr. by Longfellow.*)

The mills of God grind the fine flour at last.
—*Sibylline Oracles*, (*2d century A. C. and later.*)

We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where Fortune exposes to our view various commodities,—riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.—*Mrs. Barbauld*, 1743-1825.

God has made his world much better than you and I could make it. Everything reaps its own harvest, every act its own reward. And before you covet the enjoyment which another possesses, you must first calculate the cost at which it was procured.—*F. W. Robertson.* (1816-1853.)

The Buddhists say, "No seed will die"; every seed will grow. Where is the service which can escape its remuneration? What is vulgar, and the essence of all vulgarity, but the avarice of reward? 'Tis the difference of artisan and artist, of talent and genius, of sinner and saint. The man whose eyes are nailed not on the nature of his act, but on the wages, whether it be money or office, or fame,—is almost equally low. He is great whose eyes are opened to see that the reward of actions cannot be escaped, because he is transformed into his action, and taketh its nature, which bears its own fruit like any other tree. A great man cannot be hindered of the effect of his act, because it is immediate.—*Emerson.*

Skepticism is unbelief in cause and effect. A man does not see that as he eats, so he thinks; as he deals, so he is and so he appears; that fortunes are not exceptions, but fruits; that relation and connection are not somewhere and sometimes, but everywhere and always; no miscellany, no exemption, no anomaly,—but method and an even web; and what comes out, that was put in. As we are, so we do; and as we do, so is it done to us; we are the builders of our fortunes.—*Emerson.*

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.—*Coleridge*, 1772-1834.

SERIES III. **SCHOOL LIFE.** LESSON 7

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

PRIZES AND REWARDS.

"I will resolve with all my heart, With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart, Whose service is a rich reward."

What motives can you have in study?—Prizes of money, books, medals; getting "head" of the class; getting "high marks;" passing examinations; pleasing parents and teachers; being praised; self-improvement. What is there good in each of these? Which of them are the *best* motives? Does the motive make any difference in the work? If two scholars learn the same lesson, one to get the head of the class, and the other to get knowledge, does it make any difference in the value of their work to themselves?

Best motives. What are the great rewards of study? More *knowledge*, and more *power* of acquiring knowledge. These are the best rewards,—and of these which, once more, is the all-important? (Lesson 2.) Honor, promotion and praise *may* follow, but these true rewards, which *always* follow, should be kept chiefly in view. Then, if we do not get the others, we shall still love study for its rich returns. What becomes of all the first scholars?" Why don't they stand first through life? Which probably *gains the most* from school,—the first, or the second, quarter of a class? Why? What is the true reward of punctuality? The habit of promptness. Success and the confidence of others in you follow, but the good habit itself, the power that it gives, is the chief reward. What is the true reward of good behavior? The growing power to do what is right. Praise of others is good; but compared with that, the *power* to do right, without praise and in spite of ridicule, is as 1000 to 1.

Effect of low motives. When medals, marks and praise become more precious than the nobler gains, it hurts both mind and character.—1. The mind works less evenly and solidly, and still more the character suffers, from valuing too highly the *outward*, and too meanly the *inward*, reward of well-doing. 2. Rivalry and jealousy are likely to be roused. The mind is in a ferment with its desire to "beat," or discouraged and cowardly because so sure to be beaten. The school is made a sort of "prize ring." Take care or you will learn geography and envy, grammar and meanness, fractions and cowardice, all together. 3. Cheating and ignoble means are often used to get the prizes. What kind of men and women will grow from such scholars? Those bound to succeed *in spite of their consciences!* 4. Failures seem greater than they are. You can always "up and try again," if you study from the higher motives; but when you study for a prize, failure seems to end all efforts.

Conscience in rewards. Motives are like the rounds of a ladder. One sometimes takes hold of a lower round to reach the higher. *But to mount, one must reach for the higher.* If you find that you cannot study unless for prizes, "per cents," head of the class or praise, try gradually to reach for a higher motive. We must examine our motives and act from the best we know. Then we fit ourselves to do the will of God—that is, our best, though by so doing we give up all outward rewards. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

SERIES III. **SCHOOL LIFE.** LESSON 8.

BY MRS. F. B. AMES.

SCHOOL-HONOR.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part,—there all the honor lies!"

"On Honor,"—do you know any grander motto for school-life than that?—Talk into all the questions below by *instances*,—but talk "on honor;" mention no names except when you speak of *good* deeds.

Honor is trustworthiness. There can be no good home, school or world without it. And school-honor is of the same kind as that which makes a good home and a good world. A school is a big home and a little world; the temptations to dishonor are much alike in all three. A boy or girl self-trained in school-honor is therefore learning to take the high stand everywhere. Of course, *talking* about honor and admiring it in stories and in history will not make one honorable. It must be *practised*. One "No" said to a strong temptation, and stuck to, teaches more about honor than learning three of "Plutarch's Lives" by heart. And it must be practised *in little common-place acts*, because few acts are other than common-place. How often have you ever had a chance to be a "hero?" Would it do to save your virtue for those chances? Would you have any to be a hero with, if you did? So let us think over the—

Common-places of school-honor. (1) Can you be trusted with the *property* of others? Do you abuse the school-desks, the books, the school-room? Are persons who misuse public property, honorable? Do you ever peep into notes and letters and lunch-baskets that don't belong to you?

2. Can you be trusted to *keep order without being watched?* Can you "stand without tying?" Do you eat apples under cover of desk or book? Do you take credit not earned, by using "prompts"; or by "looking on" in recitations; or by reporting "perfect," when not so; or by copying exercises and passing them off as your own; or, when by mistake marked higher than you deserve, by accepting the situation? Scholars are apt to think it "fun" or "cute" to cheat the teacher. It often *is* "cute,"—thieves are cute; but is it ever *funny* to choose the liar's part? These things certainly tend to make lying easy: while the boy and girl who act "on honor" in these matters are already winning positions of trust in the future.

3. Do you *stand for the law and order* of the school? Breaking rules of school is of the same nature as breaking laws. Suppose the rule be irksome, what is your duty,—to join the "mob," or to talk it over respectfully and frankly with your teacher? What is the best way of improving laws? You know the saying, "Honor among thieves:" what kind of honor is it? Do you owe honor to the law-breaker or to the law? Is not the school-honor that bids one screen the mean fellow, and join in the wrong deed with "the rest of the boys," often mere school-cowardice?

4. Do you tattle or *tell tales out of school?* The school being a kind of home, scholars and teachers are to each other somewhat as brothers and sisters. Will one tell the faults, or even talk over the troubles of his own family, to outsiders? There are temptations and troubles in which you should always go to your parents; but try to be fair. Do you never *slander* in joining the hue and cry against some unpopular teacher or schoolmate?

We have talked of common-places, little things: but is "honor" in little things ever itself a little thing?

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RECEIPTS.

Hereafter, all money received for subscriptions will be acknowledged in print, as below, instead of by private letter. Parties whose names do not appear are requested to notify us.

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75 Madison Street.

FRANCES L. ROBERTS, SUPERINTENDENT.

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Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference condition its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcome all thereto who desire to work with it in advancing the Kingdom of God. (Adopted at Chicago, May 14, 1875.)

It is hoped that societies who have not yet contributed their portion of funds to the missionary work of the year, will send same by their delegates or through the mails to the annual meeting noticed elsewhere, that the accounts may be squared. Delegates are urged to come with an intelligent sense of the financial willingness of their societies for the coming year.

WEST. UNIT. SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This society will make its annual plea for membership at the meeting noticed in another column. It aims to increase the efficiency of our Sunday Schools, and has already a considerable "Tool Chest" which it is constantly enriching. All the friends should bring or send the DOLLAR that constitutes an annual member; while many, it is hoped, will spare the TEN DOLLARS that makes a life member.

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